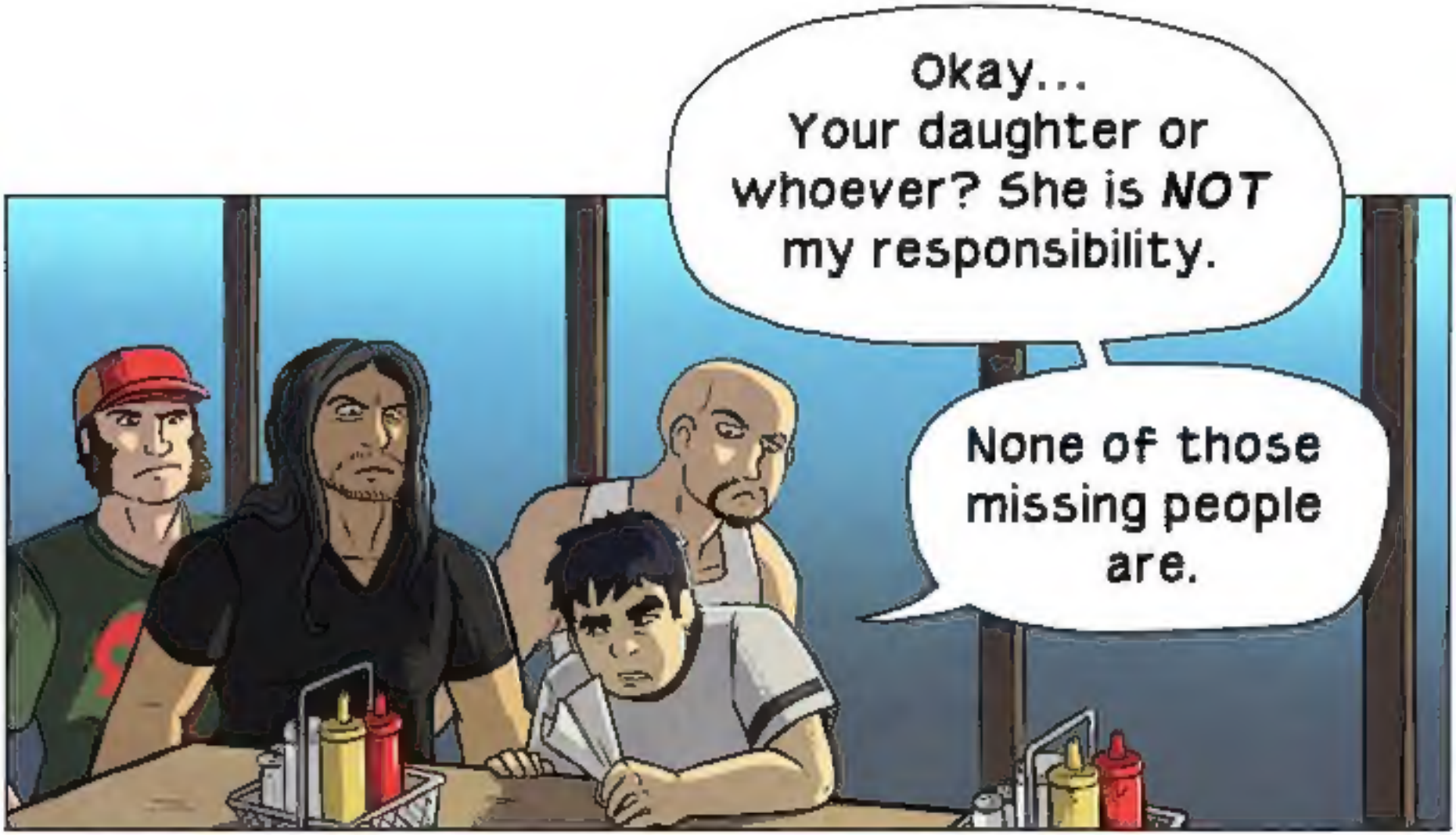
THE SWORD INTERVAL

BY BEN FLEUTER

God damn.
Calm down. I really don't wanna fight.

Yeah, you don't.
If you did, maybe my little Heather wouldn't be missing.

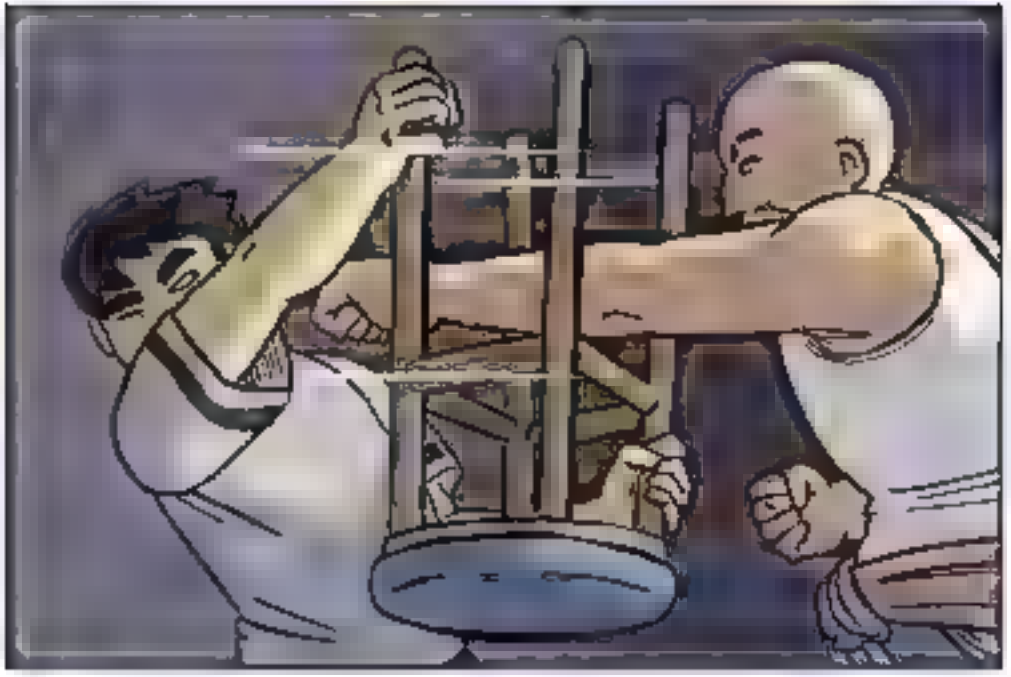

Okay... Your daughter or whoever? She is *NOT* my responsibility.
None of those missing people are.

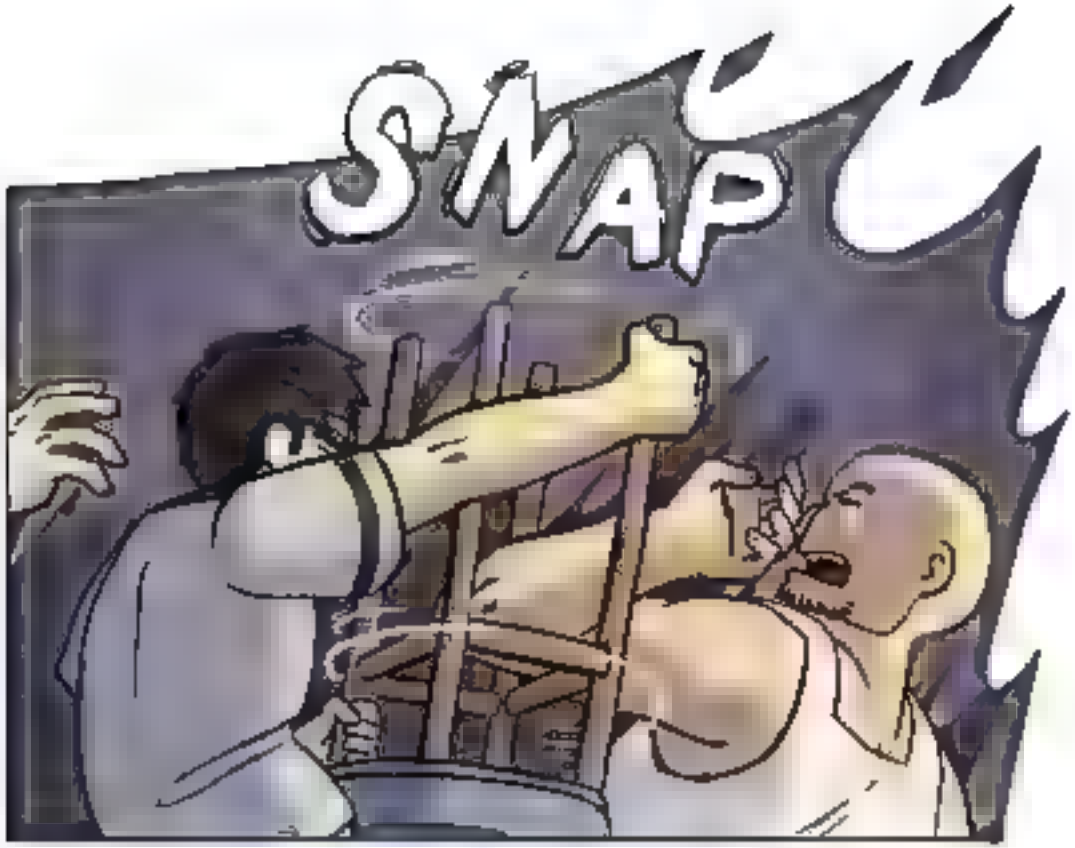
Bull. More than thirty years, we've had no spirit troubles. Then you show up, and suddenly –
Sounds like you were overdue for "spirit troubles" whether or not I moved in.
What do you want me to DO, man?

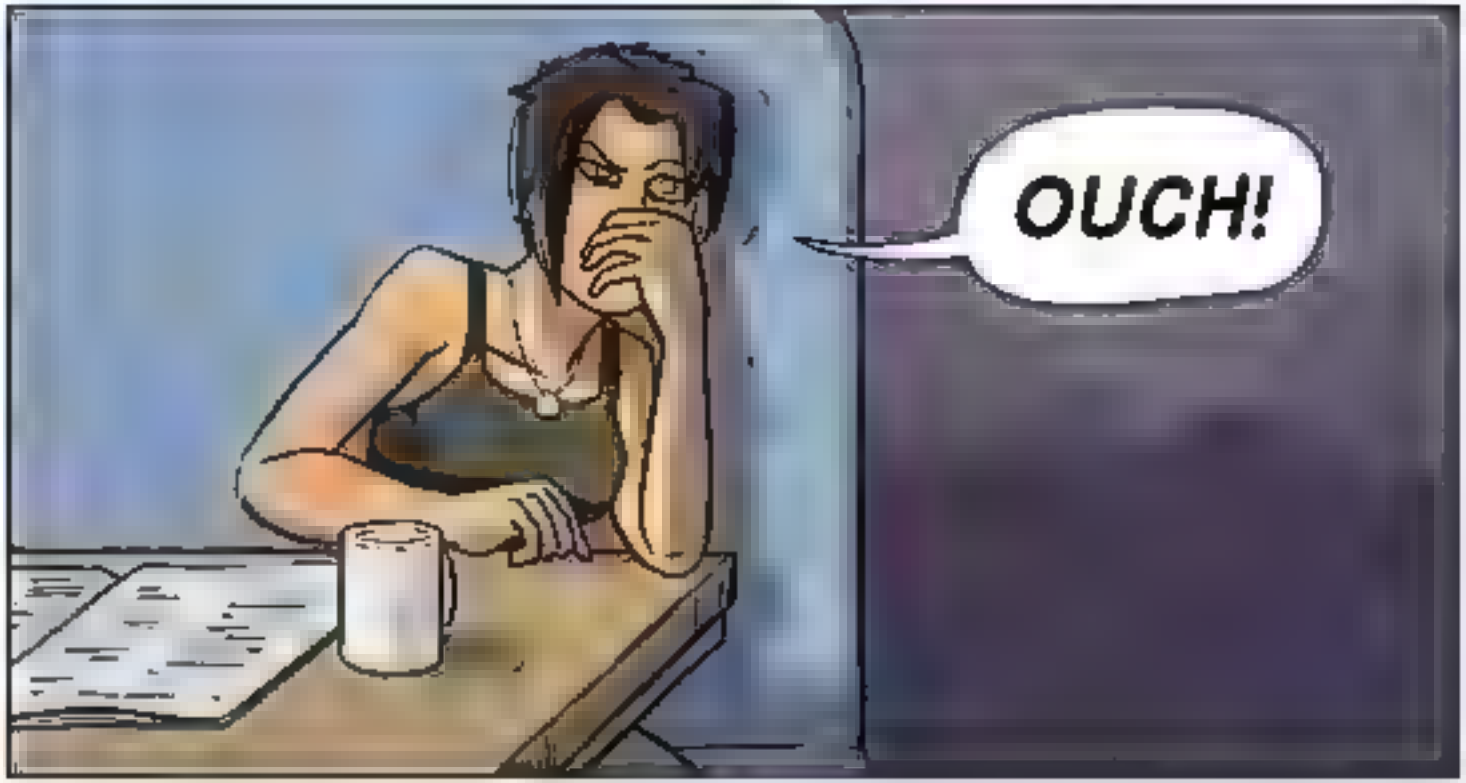
I *want* you to track that thing down, or get your ass out of Titanfolly.

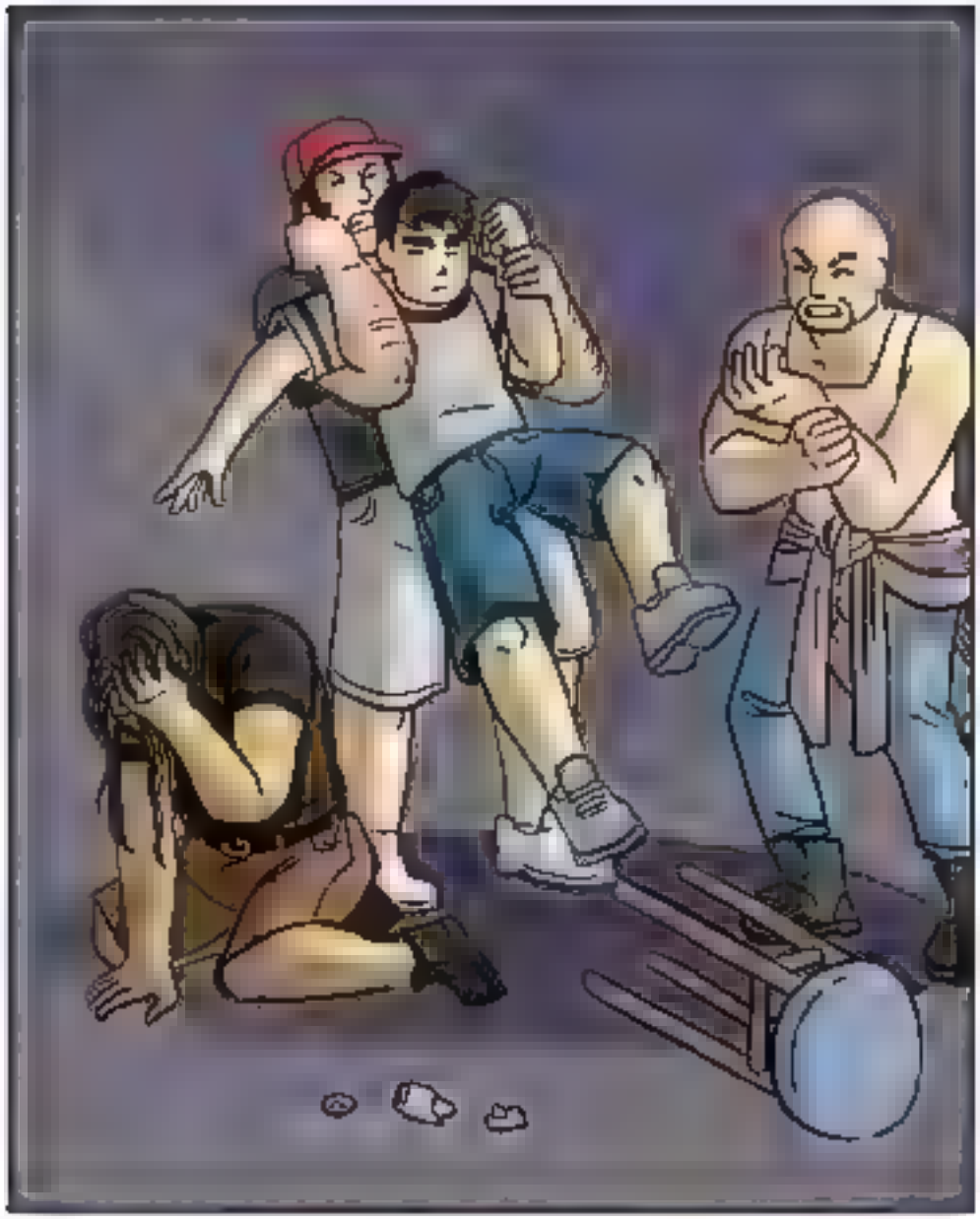
Look.
You know what?

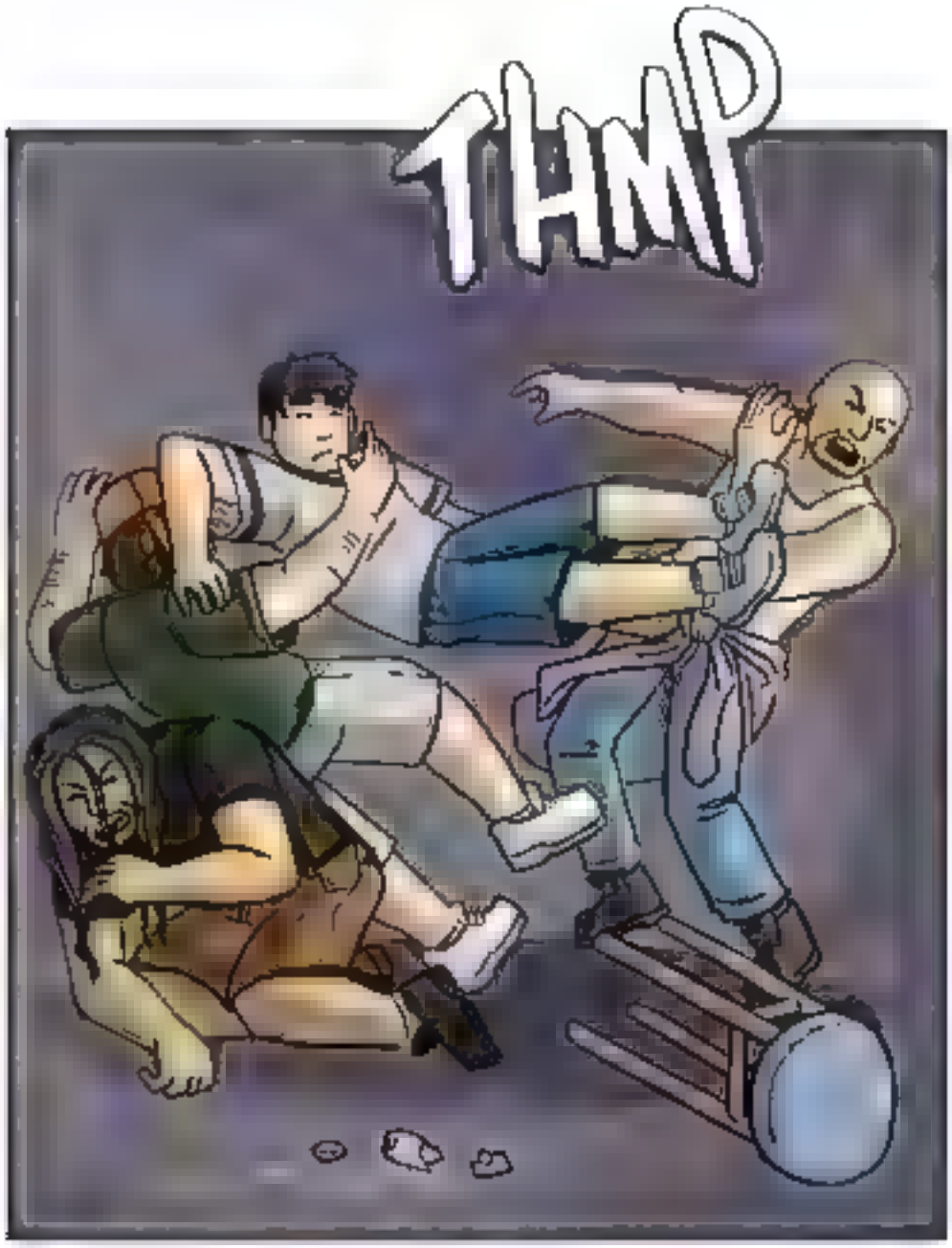
TSH

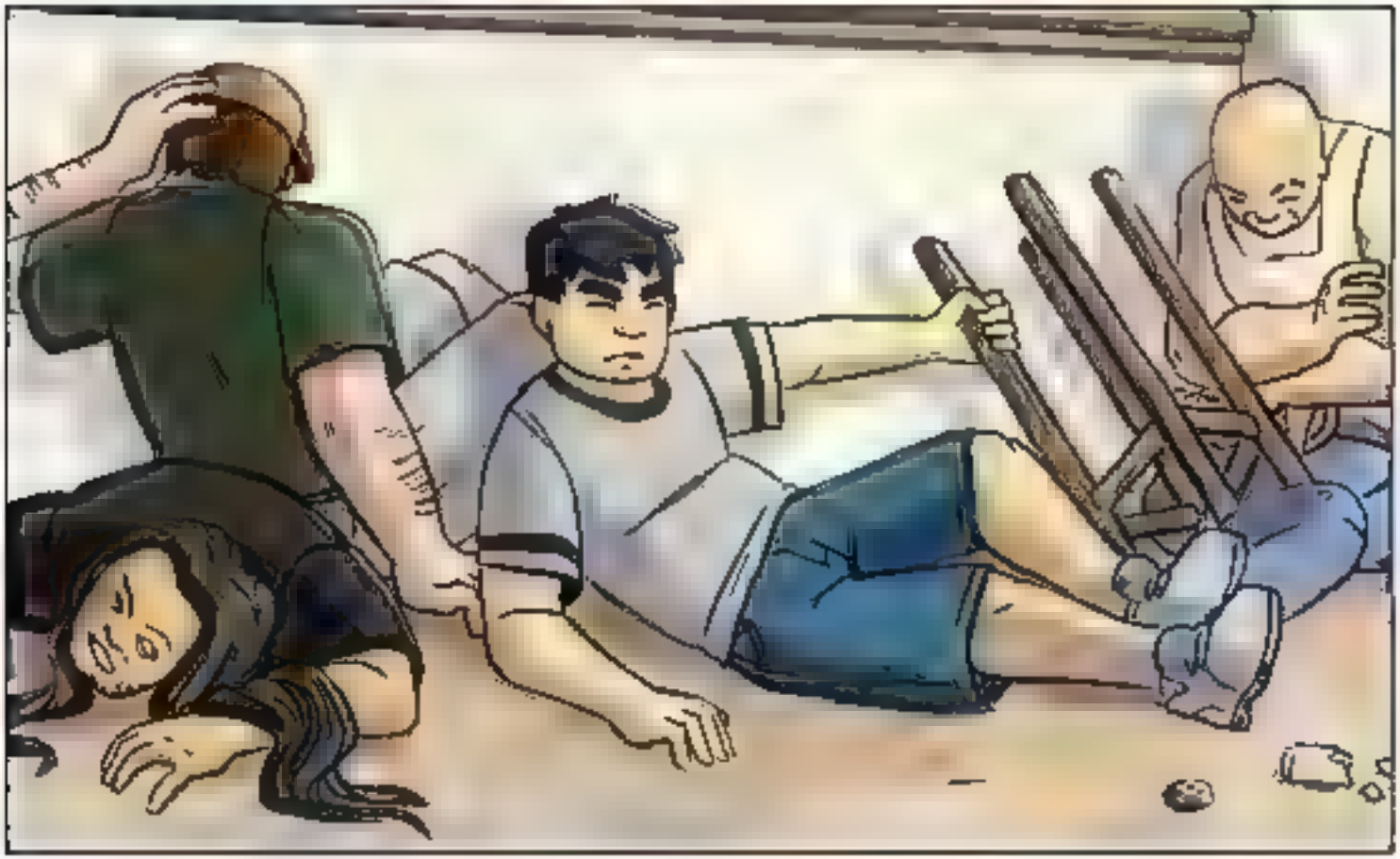



SNAP

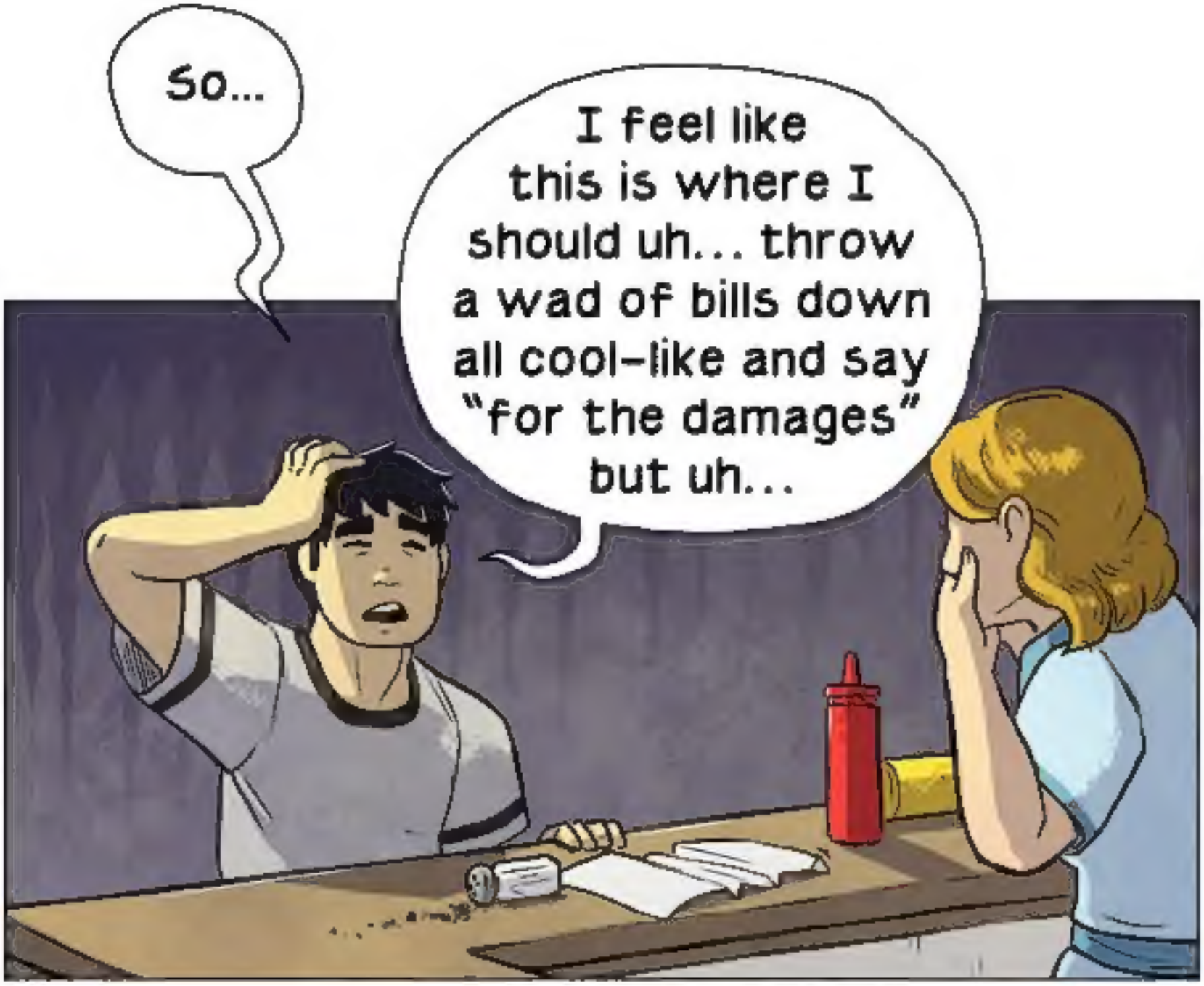

OUCH!



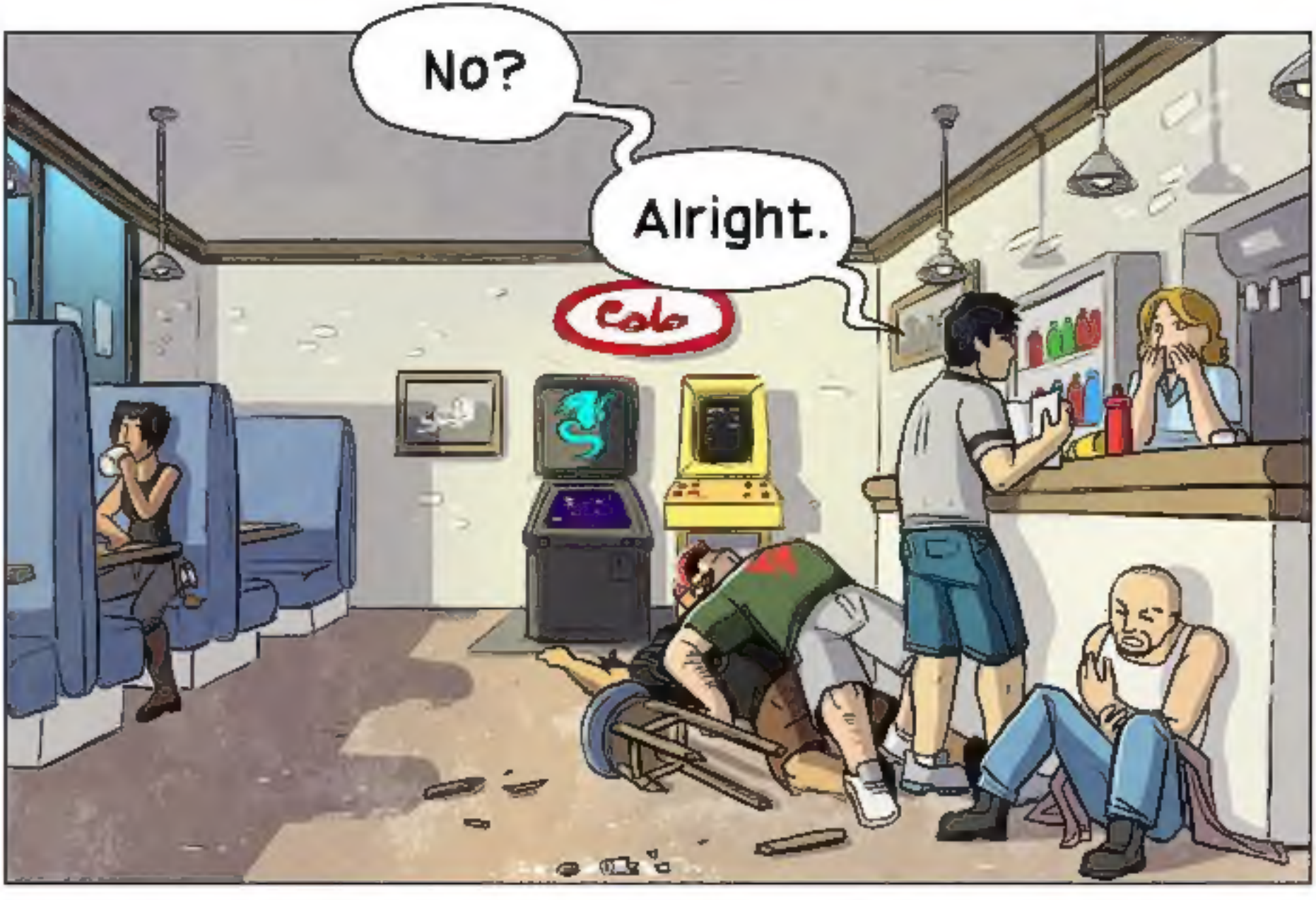

THMP



KRAK


So...
I feel like this is where I should uh... throw a wad of bills down all cool-like and say "for the damages" but uh...

HELP
WANTED


No?
Alright.
Cola